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Musing

Nearly everyone at one time or another has periods of time when he falls into a sort of brooding, selfless stupor. At these times the mind seems to be an impressionable plate, across which broken pictures pass fleetingly. Stray figures and forms crop up and parade as militants before the mind's eye. Now and then long forgotten individuals are outlined upon one's consciousness, and again persons whom we might have given merely a cursory glance sometimes hover about in the inner retreats of our mind, somewhat blurred perhaps, but always on the verge of breaking out into reality.

It was in one of these moods that Charlotte Manston sat within the grim-visaged walls of Oarfield Hall on the night before Thanksgiving Day. Her state of mind however, was not of the happiest; it was, on the other hand, one of dejection and cancerous regret. Thanks? What thanks, indeed, had she to give? Her life, she reflected bitterly, had been a hard one, hard, that is, not as most of us count hardness, not in wealth, social position, education, but rather in the warring characteristics of her own nature, in her own aggressiveness and stoicism. Most of her life she had lived internally, not so much by choice, as by necessity. Even the closest of her friends had caught only an occasional glimpse of the real woman; for the most part they were allowed to see only the volcanic, petulant counterfeit.

As it happened, on this night the weather complemented Charlotte's mood exactly. The blazing light of her eyes and the cynical twist of her lips seemed to find comfort in the uncompromising mist. Yet, as the drizzle was replaced before long by a heavy, blanketing fog, so something in Charlotte Manston was replaced too. Her eyes became luminous, her mouth smiling, her expression far away. At that moment this aged woman wasn't aware that such a thing as a fog existed. She was traveling back, as she often did, to an incident in her life long ago set apart as a great milestone.

To begin with, in her earlier years Charlotte Manston had had strong convictions of becoming an actress, although because of family prejudice and certain other scruples, acting had not become a realized ambition. The year following her graduation from Sheaves Hall, New York City, Charlotte spent with a friend of her mother's, touring the continent. In the later fall, when the theater was again waking to its own importance, the two crossed over to London. Here, more for a lark than anything else and reassured by the thousands of miles between her and the raised brows of her family, Charlotte delightedly began the study of her beloved dramatics. In a way that even to her was not clear, the young aspirant received a last moment notice to appear in one of the great London box-office attractions of the season.

At this point in her rampant thoughts, Charlotte nodded her head in a self-congratulatory

way. Would she ever forget the scene? The blurred faces before her, the tense excitement, the gorgeous costumes, the almost consuming brilliance of the lights, the warm congratulations, the banks of flowers presented at the last curtain call, and last and best of all, the compliments and attentions of Harold Farnsley.

Her face was alive; her every nerve responsive. Her cheeks were no longer pallid, her manner no longer listless. Against the background of the fire's dancing light, Charlotte made a picture —a picture that resembled in a strong degree how she might have looked on that gala night.

The melodious chiming of bells aroused her abruptly. She suddenly became conscious of her whereabouts, of the time, of herself; yet the Charlotte Manston of an hour ago was not now. Comfortably she pondered the real meaning of the word "thanks," and silently, prayerfully, offered hers. *Edna Foster '34*

Anyway, Hale Won

It was the last minute of the last quarter. John Hale, quarterback, barked out the signals, felt the ball strike his hands, already numbed by the cold, grasped it firmly, and followed his defence. He dodged one man, evaded another, his mind working rapidly. It was their last game, and the score stood 0—0. It was the last chance for victory. John tried wildly to dodge a tackler, but in vain; the man struck him with terrific force which stunned him, and things suddenly turned black.

John Hale found himself wandering along a pretty country road, by the side of which grew beautiful flowers of varying shades and patterns. Birds were singing in nearby fields. Across the road in front of him flitted a beautiful pink butterfly winging its erratic way toward a field covered with myriads of flowers. Why, that butterfly was surely the specie described by his botany professor as one of the rarest in the world!

"I must catch it!" he exclaimed, and leaping over an ivy covered wall, started in pursuit of the flitting butterfly.

It whirled, darted, and turned; John did likewise. He ran and ran. He was very near it now. Suddenly it began to sing; the singing rapidly became a roar, John reached out and grasped the creature, stumbled on an immense rock, and fell heavily.

Anyone in the stadium would have seen John Hale running down the field, seen him struck with smashing force by an opposing player, seen him stumble, miraculously regain his balance, and continue to plunge down the field to the goal line, where he stumbled and crashed to the ground—over for a touchdown just as the game ended.

To John Hale the roaring became louder. Someone was hammering him on the back and yelling hysterically in his ear, praising him and shouting "Hurrah! we've won!" "Won what?" he asked dumbly, for things were whirling and gyrating around him with amazing rapidity, and he was terribly dazed. "Why, what's the matter? Don't you know?" they shrieked at him. Suddenly he appeared to remember, and holding the football before the eyes of his gaping and very much dumbfounded companions, he cried, "Why, of course, look! It's a pink butterfly and it sings! Hurrah, for me!"

W. Clement Query '34

My Pines

On yonder hill a row of pines
  Like faithful guardians stand,
Serene and tall in stately line,
  A part of God's great plan.

And every night at close of day,
  I gaze at yonder hill;
And know my ever friendly pines
  Are watching o'er me still.

Dorothy Smith '34

Back-seat driver: Hurry, Henry. A silly man on a motorcycle is trying to pass us.

CODMAN'S DEPT. STORE

Weymouth Landing

Headquarters for Hosiery and Underwear

Radio Station WEEI

If a person wishes to see the process of a radio broadcast, he may visit the Edison Electric Illuminating Company's broadcast studio located at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets in the city of Boston.

After ascending in the elevator to the fourteenth floor, he will be admitted to the lounge, or waiting room. In this room one may rest, smoke, and see a broadcast put on the air. While the studios are being used for broadcasting purposes, no visitors are allowed in them. All who wish to see the performers must remain in the lounge, and look through extra thick plate glass windows, which open into the main studio. Of course no sounds can either enter or leave this room. It is absolutely "sound proof". The lounge is, however, provided with a loud speaker from which the performer's voice within the studio is brought to the audience in the lounge.

When the programme changes and a broadcast from the National Broadcasting Company in New York is on the air, one may enter the main studio. The door which the guide opens is a very peculiar one. It resembles the large door of a refrigerator or the heavy door of a safe. Upon entering, one has an oppressed feeling due to the fact that the walls are heavily padded with a sound proof material so that no echoes of any kind can be produced. Hundreds of small holes can be seen in the white paneling of the wall. This also aids in the suppression of echoes.

On a small platform is a low desk upon which is a box having on its face a number of knobs, lights, and switches. This is the microphone-control unit. From this point all microphones in the studio can be controlled by the chief announcer.

To our left is the studio organ manual. The organ proper is placed in a gallery above and is electrically controlled from the manual keyboard on the studio floor. Many sound effects, including drums, sirens, whistles, burglar alarms, in fact a whole orchestra, is included in this giant organ.

Below the organ gallery is a small control room, holding the equipment necessary to amplify the weak microphone currents. Other panels are for the control of tone, volume, and clarity. From this room the broadcast program leaves the studio on its long journey to Weymouth over telephone wires. Two sets of wires are employed; one for the program, the other for a private telephone.

On the grounds of the Edison Electric plant at Weymouth there are two large metal towers which reach high into the air. Between these two masts is strung the antenna wires. Directly beneath the antenna is a small brick building called the radio shack. As we enter the door, we see a mass of instruments on panel-boards. At our right, facing us, is a desk. A pleasant-looking gentleman is seated, tilting back in an easy chair, constantly gazing at a panel-board on the right. He is actually looking at the fluctuation needle of an electric meter. This meter tells how much power is coming from the studio in Boston. The broadcast program is transferred from the modulator rack to successive racks and panels, thence to the antenna. From the antenna the radio waves are sent off in equal directions with equal force into the ether.

The high-voltage current used by the powerful vacuum tubes in the transmission is supplied by motor-generators which are in another room at the back of the "shack".

Radio station W E E I, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company's station, broadcasts on a wave-length of 508.2 metres or at a frequency of 590 kilocycles. *John R. Hall '34*

Mrs. Jones (to new maid): Didn't I tell you to notice when the milk boiled over?

Mandy: Well, I did. It was quarter of four.

ARCHIE'S BARBER SHOP

South Weymouth Depot

The Doctor's Story

The colonel was speaking to an intimate group at the club.

"No," he was saying, "I've traveled over a large part of the world with the service, and seen many strange things; but I must admit that I don't think much of people who believe in dreams. What is your opinion of them, doctor?" he asked, turning to Dr. Warren, the club physician.

"Well," said the doctor slowly, "I wouldn't criticize them too severely, because one never really knows the circumstances."

"You mean," replied the indignant colonel, "that you are inclined to believe that mental experiences occurring during sleep are sometimes re-acted in actual life?"

"Yes, sometimes you hear of such a thing happening."

"Oh, surely, doctor, as a man of medicine you don't put any faith in such idle talk."

The doctor did not answer for a moment, but seemed thoughtful. He readjusted his glasses, and then turned to the colonel.

"Colonel, you just said that while in far off lands you saw many strange things. I, as medical examiner of this county for some thirty years, have seen many strange things myself right here at home. I remember one of my first cases. It was over Hyde Park way in the apartment district. It seemed to be a routine job, nothing to do except fill out the papers. The chap was a janitor in one of the older buildings and had his quarters in the basement next to the boiler room. It seems that the defective tank had exploded and caused the brick partition to tumble in on his room. While following the usual procedure, I noticed in the wreckage a leather bound diary. Out of curiosity I picked it up and ruffled through the pages. One entry caught my attention. It read as follows:

> Friday, August 16. Had horrible dream last night. Dreamt I was operated upon unsuccessfully and only had few days to live. It woke me up in cold sweat.
>
> Saturday, August 17. By strange coincidence, last night dream was continued. I dreamt I was getting weaker and I heard the doctors say that at the most I could only last another day. I am probably eating too heavily before retiring.
>
> Sunday, August 17. I must really see a doctor. The strange visions troubled me again. This time I seemed to hear the nurse say I would probably go between the hours of three and four in the morning, when the vitality is lowest. I shall disregard these nightmares and retire as usual.

"This was the last entry in the book. A strange feeling came over me as I stared at the clock where it lay on the floor, shattered by the blast. The hands had stopped at twenty minutes of four.

"Don't you think, colonel," concluded Dr. Warren, "that there might be a possible connection between the dream and the fatal explosion?"

The colonel, deep in thought, did not reply.

Philip Sheehan '34

Wonder Isle

A bit of green amidst the rolling sea,
An ethereal place of beauty it is to me,
With its tangy, cooling breeze and kneaded land,
The matchless blue of sky, the soothing sand,
A haven from the city's feverish ways,
Where nature feels the primal urge, and plays.
Men come to catch the spirit of the isle;
And, in their feeble way, they would beguile
The hours with happiness or playtime rare,
So life would lose its drabness and its care.
But bonds are loosed, and sordidness creeps in,
To sprinkle nature's handiwork with sin.
Why can't men see the gift of nature pure,
And feel within themselves the urgent lure,
To banish carnal folly, worldly strife,
And through earth's beauty find the truer life?

Virginia Donley '35

Street Car Lady

"Why, what's the matter, sonny?"

The small boy gazed at the owner of the soft voice through a film of tears. He saw a woman in her late twenties, her lovely dark eyes filled with sympathy.

"I'm running away," he said, "but I'm homesick already."

The lady suppressed a smile, unwilling to hurt the boy, who was evidently serious.

"Then why don't you go back, now? The conductor will stop the car for you."

"I can't do that. My mother doesn't want me and daddy—well, he is too interested in his work to care."

"Why, every mother wants her own little boy near her."

"But I'm not her own little boy," insisted the child. "She's only been in our house three years, and she never liked me."

"Where is your own mother?" queried the lady softly.

"I don't know," he answered sadly. "But Dora, my nurse, said she went away when I was a little boy. She said she was lovely and was the finest lady she ever knew. But mother says she couldn't have loved me or she would not have gone away. I think she would have stayed, though, if she knew I would miss her. Don't you?" He looked at her appealingly.

"Of course, dear," she assured him.

"I know she must be beautiful and kind like Dora says. And I bet she's waiting somewhere for me. That's really why I ran away, so I could find her. But I forgot—I guess I haven't been very polite. My name is Eddie Jerome, and I live at 52 Park Avenue. What is your name?"

Her voice was barely audible as she answered, "My name doesn't matter."

"I guess I'll call you the 'Street Car Lady'. Daddy always said never to speak to strangers, but you don't seem like a stranger. You're awfully nice."

"Thank you, Eddie. And now I'll tell you something. I'm not really a stranger. You know, I can see things other people can't. And I know that if you go home now, and wait until you're a big, strong, boy, your own mother will come back to you. It may be only a few years. She really loves you, Eddie, and I know she's really sorry she went away and left you."

"That's wonderful," he exclaimed wonderingly. "I wish I could see things like you can."

"And I see something else," she went on. "I see your father worrying about you, and wishing you were home. He is promising never to neglect you again, if you will only come back. See, Eddie, the car is stopping. You can get off here, and catch the next car home."

"I will," he promised.

"I want to see daddy and Dora and—I guess, mother too. Good-bye, Street-Car-Lady."

"Good-bye," she said, waving her hand and with misty eyes watching the sturdy little figure of her boy—her own little son—disappear in the crowd.

Vera Callahan '35

To A Bluebird

A little bit of feather,
A little bit of wing,
A little flash of brilliant blue,
A little voice to sing—
These things all make a bluebird,
A happy bit of song,
A joyful bit of color,
A trilling all day long.

Rainbows

A summer shower,
The peeping sun,
A foggy mist arising,
And lo! A miracle is done!
A rainbow brightly shining,
And at its foot a pot of gold
Awaits the weary rover,
To vanish like his happy dreams
When the fleeting shower is over.

Marjorie Bloxham '36

Don't buy a car until you've tried the new
Dodge and Plymouth
THORP'S GARAGE
866 Washington St., East Weymouth

The First Winter At Plymouth

The *Mayflower* reached Cape Cod on November 9, 1620. After exploring the coast in the vicinity, the Pilgrims selected for their permanent settlement the place now called Plymouth, where they landed, December 21. The rigors of a New England winter were upon them before they could build a single house.

After two days of storm and rain they set to work on December 23, and for three days cut timber with great diligence. So rapidly did they work that by January 13 one house stood on the shore. The very next day this house burned down, with all the beds of the adult men.

Meanwhile—indeed, ever since the landing at Provincetown—a considerable number had been ill, and by February what Bradford called the "general sickness" had stricken practically all the members. As their surprisingly good health on the voyage had been the result of the extremely careful arrangements, so now the cause of the "general sickness" seems to have been careless exposure. The women, misled by a mild spell of weather, washed clothes in the ponds at Provincetown, and caught severe colds. Explorations and expeditions resulted in further exposure. The result seems to have been tuberculosis of a surprisingly contagious and rapid type, sometimes called "galloping consumption". Whatever it was, the Pilgrims certainly caught it from one another and in December, six died, in January, eight more, in February seventeen, and in March, thirteen. So dire was their distress that, during those months, no more than six or seven were well at the same time, and only Bradford and Standish entirely escaped illness. On some days two or three died and tradition says that the graves accumulated so fast, that the Pilgrims leveled them with care, lest the Indians suspect how greatly the colony was weakened. Those who were able labored unsparingly night and day, carrying wood, making fires, preparing food, making beds, and washing clothes. Their devotion to each other during these exceedingly trying months is beyond all praise.

Priscilla Chandler '34

He: Did you ever read *To a Mouse?*
She: No. How did you ever get it to listen?

A Summer Storm

It is a hot, drowsy, lazy, summer day. The streets are deserted except for a few limp-looking stragglers, and the sun looks like a flaming ball of fire as it scorches the parched earth.

An innocent-looking cloud glides across the horizon, but it is followed by more, black and threatening. A distant rumble like a barrel falling down stairs is heard in the distance. Then a louder rumble, and a flashing ribbon of fire appears, and is gone. The sky is black, and the earth is very still.

Not a leaf trembles on the trees, and it seems as if the world is waiting for something, quiet and expectant. Then an adventurous drop of rain patters down on a leaf. A few more follow, and then comes the deluge.

A torrent of water streams down, and the thunder crashes like mad cymbals, while the lightning zig zags crazily across the sky. The wind whips great trees into a frenzy, and they bow down low to the storm. Here and there a tree topples down with a deafening crash, which is immediately silenced by another burst of fury from the thunder.

On the streets a few belated pedestrians are seen, drenched, bedraggled, and mournful. They scurry along with umbrellas blown wrong side out, looking out for the puddles, and trying to keep their already soaked and dripping feet as dry as possible. At last they give up all hopes of keeping dry, and splash along with a reckless abandon, fine to see.

A last shriek of fury from the wind, as the rain drops patter down more softly. Finally they cease, and, with a defeated crash and rumble, the thunder dies away rebelliously in the distance, the lightning plays for a few moments in the distant sky, and then the sun blazes forth more brightly than ever. The puddles soon disappear, and there is no trace of the storm except for a few trees lying amid their broken and crushed branches along the roads.

Marjorie Bloxham '36

Note: If you have any further information as to the whereabouts and occupations of any of the Weymouth High School Alumni, please communicate with our Alumni editor.

—*The Editor*

About Travelling

Do you know what I should do if I were to receive a great deal of money? I should immediately set out to make true one of my favorite dreams—to travel abroad.

I should never travel on a prescribed tour, for that would spoil all; but should go at random to this or that place which struck my fancy.

I must be sure to visit England. For what could be more delightful than to ride through its quaint villages, to see the rows of thatched cottages, the smoke curling from the chimneys? There would be an atmosphere of drowsy peace and comfort over all. The women and children would be rosy-cheeked and plump. Everything would make me wish to stay there forever.

The next country on my route would be Holland, with her canals, spotless streets and quaintly costumed people; then Switzerland, and her blue, blue lakes, with the snow-capped Alps towering above.

It is my dearest wish to see the chalets, the herds of goats, and hear the clear yodel of the herdsman, about which I have read in *Heidi* with so much pleasure.

And so on I would go, through the Orient, though I would not stay long there. Perhaps, though, my fears are foolish, and I would find it less sinister than it now seems. When my journey ended, I should have sailed around the world. I think I should be much the better for it, too, much more broad-minded in my view of life, and having a better knowledge of the peoples and lands across the sea. *M. Senigo '34*

Daydreams

There's the sun and the wind and the sky and me,
And the green, green, grass, and a tall pine tree,
And the sea is so blue, and the clouds are so white,
And the green, green grass and a tall pine tree,
As I lie in the grass, and the wind sings to me
Of the sun and the sky and a tall pine tree.

Marjorie Bloxham '36

Thrills

There are many different kinds of thrills that we experience each day. Unwittingly, we are influenced by varied emotions which serve to animate our thoughts and cheer our drooping spirits.

We all know of persons who are thrilled most deeply by having a member of the opposite sex gaze admiringly upon them as they pass by. Others experience greatest thrills by swooping along at sixty-five up and down a favorite "roller-coaster road" at Hingham. Some are enraptured by peering at the heavens on a clear night, wondering if any scientist will, at some future date, discover or perfect a means, whereby dwellers of the Earth will be able to penetrate the vast expanse of ether to a planet or star. Others may be entranced by the beautiful chords of an orchestra, or fascinated by the deft handiwork of an artist or sculptor. Many religious fanatics feel their deepest exultation upon watching newly-converted sinners walk humbly down to the altar amid a thronging multitude led by some great evangelist.

Nevertheless, what greater thrill is it possible for us to experience than that of relief after the accomplishment of a formidable task? Thus it is that with mingled emotions I write this *Reflector* composition. *Sylvia Merrill '34*

Lullaby To Youth

Sleep, youth,
Growing into new heights
for aspiration,
From deathlike repose
to impatient energy.
How perfect your joy, how strong
your song!
How eager yet, life's ever
constant refrain!
With unuttered prayer on dry lips,
You awake—
To learn to breathe again!

Henry Hanhisalo '34

Pulaski Day

Governor Joseph B. Ely dedicated a day, the eleventh of October, to a noble hero of the American Revolution, and as is the custom, the Governor sent a proclamation to all the public schools of the state. However, as these proclamations were read in each room, the students, with the exception of a few, seemed to know nothing about that great and noble hero, Pulaski.

Casimir Pulaski was born in Podolia, Poland, the son of Count Joseph Pulaski. Casimir joined enthusiastically in the efforts to free his country, and fought heroically against the Russians. He finally rose to the rank of commander-in-chief of the patriot forces. He was unjustly accused as accomplice in the plot to abduct his king and was outlawed and deprived of his estates. He then escaped to Purlsey and thence to France, where he was asked by Franklin to help the American colonists in their struggle against the British. He arrived in Philadelphia in 1777, served as a volunteer, and then for his gallantry at the battle of Brandywine was appointed chief of dragoon with the rank of brigadier-general. In 1778, he organized an independent corp of cavalry and light infantry. With this body, called Pulaski's Legion, he led an unsuccessful attack against the British, under Prevost, before the city of Charleston. Later in the year he commanded the French and American cavalry at the siege of Savannah and during the attack on October the ninth was mortally wounded.

Felix Caracciolo '34

Quatrain

It is not the deed that counts,
But with what intent the deed is fraught,
Or with what connotation will earnestly succeed;
For there is never time for deed—but thought.

Henry Hanhisalo '34

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ALFRED GARDNER
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The Origin of Hallowe'en

Hallowe'en, a well known day in this country, as well as in others, falls on October 31, the eve of All Saints' Day. It is probably a relic of pagan times or of medieval superstitions.

In England and Scotland this day is selected as a time for trying spells. Superstitious tradition regards it as the night when supernatural influences prevail; when spirits of the invisible and visible world walk abroad. On this evening it was believed that the human spirit could detach itself from the human body, and wander through the realms of space.

In Germany there is a similar superstition concerning Walpurgis Night, the night preceding the first of May. The Germans believe that there is a witch festival on the summit of the Brocken, in the Hartz Mountains, the influence of which is believed to be felt all over the surrounding country. An old custom of lighting great bonfires of straw or brush on that night, in order to drive away the spirits of darkness supposed to be hovering in the air, is still observed in some places. It is doubtless true that these two festivals—Hallowe'en and Walpurgis—are of a common origin dating back to the earliest belief in the personal and all powerful Evil One—the Chaldeans' Power of Darkness.

Katherine Gunville '34

The undergraduate sardines were out for their afternoon swim downstream.

"What ever happened to Tommy Bigfin?" asked a prominent student in the sardine school.

"I thought you knew," answered his companion. "He couldn't seem to make the grade. He was always swimming about five or ten feet in the rear. He wasn't alert or intelligent. So the usual happened."

"You mean ——?"

"Yes. He got canned!"

POETRY

Rhythm

There's a rhythm in the water idly lapping at the shore,
There's a rhythm in the water that I never heard before.
A lazy kind of rhythm, made up of tiny sighs.
A rhythm you could hear or see without your ears or eyes.

Through phosphorescent ripples see the pebbles out of reach,
See them washing slowly upward to a place upon the beach,
See the tiny golden fishes, and a heron floating by,
Mirrored in the water and reflected in the sky.

There's a message in the rhythm of the lapping at the shore,
It's a lazy sort of secret that a lover can't ignore,
A message telling how and when and where and which and why,
And listeners listen spellbound, and cannot turn to fly.

There's a human pulse that's beating in the lapping of the shore,
The throbbing pulse of lost souls, long gone before,
The throbbing and the beating of wings within a cage,
The steady, rhythmic beating of passionless rage.

Through phosphorescent ripples see the tiny seaweed flowers,
You almost see a mermaid there whiling through the hours.
You almost see a golden comb glide through green-gold hair,
You almost see a little child within a coral lair.

Through phosphorescent ripples see the deeper shine and sheen,
While the sky is blue above me, the water's deeply green;
See and hear the ancient rhythm underneath an ancient moon,
Hear the music of the rhythm in the ancient, rhythmic rune.

C. Seach '34

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Day is coming,
Making all hearts feel gay.
May all forever remember
This one Thanksgiving Day.

The Pilgrims set this day and date
To eat and drink and rest,
To show that they were glad and gay,
To give thanks for the harvest.

Now we follow their custom,
And pay our tribute to God,
Knowing that we owe everything
To our good and Heavenly Lord.

Katherine M. Coyle
Junior Annex

A Picture

The lake is clear and calm tonight,
So peaceful and quiet it seems;
The harvest moon is shining bright,
It casts shadows and glistening beams.

A canoe, gliding into the path of light,
A wonderful silhouette makes.
What a charming picture the eyes behold!
We must be asleep, not awake.

The outline of feathers, a long, thick braid,
She's wrapped in furs snowy white.
What is it? An Indian maid
Of exquisite stature and height.

P. Adams '34

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When I Start My Ford A-Chunkin'

("When the Frost is on the Punkin'," with apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)

When I start my Ford a-chunkin', and the bearin's 'gin to knock,
And the pistons start a-slappin', and the car begins to rock,
And the rattle of the fenders, and the pumping of the oil,
And the burble, burble, as the water 'gins to boil,
Oh, then's the time I always am a'feelin' at my best;
When I start the motor going, and it bangs away with zest,
And the radiator rattles like the ringing of a clock,
When I start my Ford a-chunkin', and the bearin's 'gin to knock.

Daniel Pratt '35

Armistice Day

Lay down your arms, soldier boy;
Your fighting days are o'er.
You need not risk your life again;
Nay, you needn't risk it any more!

Peace is now your watchword,
Peace, the sentry's cry;
Peace, the holy word of words,
That means no more shall die.

Lay down your arms, soldier boy,
Home you soon will be,
Home, that place of loved ones,
Home, across the sea.

There will be your mother,
She who calls you dear.
So lay down your arms, soldier boy;
Armistice Day is here.

Geraldine R. Colligan
Junior Annex

Thanksgiving Day

Down the street and along the way
To the football game we go.
It's Weymouth and Hingham playing today—
To this game we always go.

Here come the fellows of whom we're proud.
If they win or lose, we must cheer them loud.
The game goes on mid chatter and shout.
We're ahead, we're behind—but wait till the end.

We shiver and wish we had never come;
To see your team lose is no sort of fun.
But is that the way a pal treats a friend?
Does he turn him down when the road seems to bend?

So we'll do our part by cheering them on.
What a lot encouragement can do!
Look! There they go! They have passed the line!
That's Weymouth High spirit. We've won the game.

Priscilla Adams '34

If I Were a Millionaire

If I were a millionaire, kids,
If I were a millionaire,
There would be nothing too good in this
World for me and my pals to share.
I'd buy up every schoolhouse in the nation,
I'd write upon the blackboard big and clear;
Instead of one, there would be two vacations,
Each vacation six months twice a year.
There wouldn't be any school when it was raining,
I'd let you stay at home when it was clear.
I would buy you ice-cream mountains,
And build you soda fountains,
If I were a millionaire.

Anna Burns '35

Compliments of
REIDY'S PHARMACY
Jackson Square
East Weymouth, Mass.

Editorial

We of the *Reflector* staff are looking forward to a big year. We "see visions and dream dreams", hoping that, in the months which are before us, at least some of them may be realized. Yet this thing cannot be without your co-operation; by this I mean an honest effort on your part to submit *original* material of real worth and value.

Contrary to the opinion of some that most of the work submitted is carelessly read and more carelessly consigned to the waste-basket, we assure you that the exact opposite of this is true. However, we are not endowed with the superhuman ability to fathom writing which is illegible, nor have we the time to dig for the really good ideas which may be buried in carelessly written work.

Therefore, we are forced to make a ruling that only those compositions neatly done shall be considered for publication.

Just a word to the freshmen—please do not be discouraged and think because you are freshmen your work is not considered. We have this year a special freshman section. Do your part to make it grow.

Finally, the *Reflector* is our paper, yours as well as mine. We are counting on your interest and co-operation. *The Editor*

School Spirit

When I attended a high-chool football game at one of the neighboring towns recently, I was surprised to see the number of students who were present to help their team on to victory. With the assistance of their cheer leaders, who had enough "pep" to fill everyone with the spirit of the game, they certainly made a good showing. The school band aided a great deal in stirring both the players and the spectators.

All of these things help to arouse the fighting spirit of a team, who then try to fill us with pride for them.

We think that we have school spirit. Maybe some of us have, but what about those of us who never attend a game of any kind?

When we compare the percentage of the attendance at our football games with that of other schools, we find that it amounts to about half as much. The crowds that turn out to their games should make us feel pretty small.

Come on, Weymouth, help to make our school have as good an attendance at our games as any other school, or even better!

Betty Donovan '34

Evelyn (at a ball game, as pitcher and catcher hold a conference): "What are they talking about?"

Freddie: "About what to throw to the next batter."

Evelyn: "But they aren't allowed to throw anything except the ball, are they?"

On Enthusiasm

Great things have never been achieved without enthusiasm. Whether it be in art, literature, science, or at the battlefront, success is impossible unless somewhere in the soul of an individual there burns the spark of enthusiasm. Without it, Napoleon could not have risen from the ranks of the commoners to become the dictator of a great nation; Dickens would never have written *David Copperfield* or *A Tale of Two Cities;* Beethoven, the great master of the symphony, could not have risen above his deafness to leave us that which has enriched the music of the world for over a hundred years.

The successful business man is the one who puts enthusiasm into his work—and tell me, fellow students, which is the truly successful teacher: the one who puts his whole heart and soul into his work, or the one who does the job merely because he is getting paid for it? You know as well as I, having, no doubt, had experience with both types.

Let us, therefore, have a zeal for our work, enthusiasm in all that we undertake, whether it is playing football, doing home-work, or writing for the *Reflector*. Get into the spirit of the thing! Put into life the best that is in you,—for as you give, that also shall you receive.

Dorothy Sprague '34

Success

"Success consists not so much in sitting up at night as being awake in the morning." This is a maxim which is too often forgotten. For example, it does a person little good to study far into the night if he will not be awake in the morning to benefit by his work. It is difficult to analyze this statement, for it is plain and full of meaning in itself. To be a success, however, everyone must have a goal. After that aim has been attained, he has still not accomplished that which was proposed if he is completely satisfied with himself. He must find another objective for which to strive, because everyone ought to have some definite aim in life. Self-satisfaction is a poor reward for success.

Evelyn Magee '34

Did You Know That

Stairs that lead *nowhere* are used as an observatory at Koslin, Germany?

Murphy, North Carolina, is farther from its own capital than from those of the six other states around North Carolina?

Greenland's two newspapers are published at public expense and delivered free of charge?

The Yangtze-Kiang, which flows about 3000 miles, is the longest river in Asia?

Bermuda has not had a murder or kidnapping in fifty years?

The earth's surface is 73.39 per cent. water and 26.61 per cent. land?

Three women operatives have been added to England's famous detective force at Scotland Yard?

An old Charlotte, North Carolina, ordinance makes it illegal to wash a horse on the street?

Molasses is used in the manufacture of shoe-blacking?

A country with two capitals is an appropriate name for Bolivia? The actual capital is La Paz. The legal capital is Sucre.

42,500,000 letters and post cards are mailed every week in London? One-third of these are posted between the hours of 4:30 and 6:30 p. m.

900 telephone conversations take place every second in the United States?

Enez Melkon '34

Wife (at 2 a. m.): "Wake up, John, wake up! There's a burglar in the next room."

Husband (sleepily): "Well, I've no revolver. You go in and look daggers at him."

An eighth-grade class was asked to write Kipling's *Recessional* in an examination. The last lines of the poem are as follows:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

When the teacher corrected the papers that evening, she read on one:

"The Lord God of Hosts was with me not;
So I forgot, so I forgot."

ALUMNI NEWS

The Class of 1933 has scattered in many directions. Some have pursued their studies in colleges and business schools; others have renewed their acquaintance with the High School as post-graduate students; and still others have joined the ranks of the well-known unemployed.

Elmont Abbott has extended his preparatory work to Thayer Academy, and is still playing football.

John Bentley is attending Tufts College. He is majoring in mathematics in the Liberal Arts School. He also made the freshman football team, and was recently pledged to a fraternity.

Edward Loud has also made Tufts his Alma Mater. He is becoming a civil engineer in the Engineering School.

Alan Bryant can't stay away from the chemistry laboratory; so he is now studying chemical engineering at Dartmouth.

John Chipman and Thomas Quirk are both enrolled as engineering students at Northeastern University.

Paul Foskett is furthering his academic and athletic prestige at Seefield Academy, while his brother, Norman Foskett '31, has resumed his studies this fall as a sophomore at the Colorado School of Mines.

William Harkinson really must have that "something" necessary for good salesmanship. At least one would so judge from his weekly programme. Certain days and evenings find him "clerking" for McGaw of South Weymouth. On Saturdays he "clerks" at the Quincy branch of the United Markets Inc. All other days his sales power is spent for the Ford Motor Company. (Just a chip off the old block.)

Alice Donovan has decided to become a nurse. She is training at the Faulkner Hospital, Jamaica Plain.

Anna Bourque is a busy girl now. Week-ends find her working in a department store at Weymouth Landing. She also maintains a place on the Vogue Studio payroll. On top of this, she does reporting for the *Weymouth Truth.*

From what we hear, several Weymouth High graduates are attending Boston University. The following are reported: Harriet Berry, a practical art student; Donald Cormack, a business student; Francis O'Brien '32, also in the business department; Corinda Pratt, studying commercial art; Robert Wadman, a sophomore at C. B. A.; and Raymond Julian, a pre-law student.

Richard Mathewson is enrolled at Bowdoin.

Norton Hunt has moved to Syracuse.

Parmys Goodale and Helen Nye are both studying journalism at Simmons.

A large group of Weymouth High graduates attend Burdett this year. Among these are: Marion Custance, Mary Cuthbert, Mary Curtin, Mary Jorgensen, Eleanor Brayshaw, Edward Robinson, Eleanor Bicknell, Eliot Vining, George Moore, Lillian Winkfield '32 and Ruth Marceau '32.

Wesley Holbrook '32 has enrolled in Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Francis Ralph is employed by his father at Ralph's Florist Shop.

James Murray is still working at the Weymouth Landing branch of Grant's Department Stores.

The freshman class at Bridgewater Normal School has within its ranks several of Weymouth High's alumni. They are: Richard Zeoli '32, Ralph Stewart '32, Thomas Stetson '32, Jane MacDonnell, and Marjorie Candy.

Dorothy Goodrich is attending Northfield Seminary.

Dorothy Hopkins is studying at the Wilfred Academy of hairdressing. However, the latest news of Dot is that she is recovering from an appendicitis operation.

Doris MacLeod is also studying hairdressing.

Marilynn Johnson is a student at Colby Junior College.

Russell Theriault is taking a medical course at Massachusetts State College.

Listed below we have a few of the postgraduates. Patsy Caruso, Mary Connell, Dorothy Cullen, William DeCourcy, Rita Donovan, Helen Felker, William Hagerty, Anna Hanabury, Alice Haynes, Melvin Little, Dominick Paone, Alfred Rennie, Edward Shields, William Taylor, Louise Watts, Phillip Wolfe, and Harold Workman.

Carlton Elsner '33

O For An Imagination!

I wish that I had been endowed
With much imagination;
I feel that it would help me greatly
In my recitations.

When compositions come around,
I foam and fume and fret.
And all my summer's happenings
I just seem to forget.

I sit down at the table
With my paper, pen, and ink,
And start to ponder deeply.
Oh, why cannot I think?

At last my brain begins to work—
Imagine my elation!—
And I write down upon my paper
The results of contemplation.

A. Galligan '34

Inquisitive young bathing beauty: Where did all this seaweed come from?
Life guard: The tide washed it in.
Bathing beauty: But where is the tide?
Life guard: Gone back after more weeds.

Teacher: Is there anything you can do better than anyone else?
Nash: Of course.
Teacher: Well, what is that?
Nash: Read my own writing.

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WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Hingham vs. Weymouth

For the past six years the high-light of the local football season has been the Thanksgiving game between Hingham and Weymouth. This annual "turkey-day" treat is looked forward to by all Weymouth High students; past and present, graduates and undergraduates.

On Thanksgiving mornings, Legion Field, the scene of the conflict, takes on the aspect of a class reunion; members of classes as far back as twenty-five years meeting others of the same classes for the first time since graduation.

In the six games played thus far against Hingham, Weymouth has taken the first three, which means that Weymouth has not beaten Hingham for three years. So let's all turn out Thanksgiving Day to cheer for a victory for Weymouth High!

F. A. Long '35

Mae West

There's a lady from down in the Bowery,
Who has recently crashed into fame.
She's learned all the tricks of the movies;
So certainly you can't call her tame.

She's known as a red-hot mama,
A girl called "Diamond Lil".
Off stage she's a perfect lady,
A position all stars can't fill.

But after all the dirt is sifted,
And the truth comes out at last,
We find a raving beauty—
Diamond Mae, the girl with a past.

Marshall Bearce '34

Question in exam: Name a deadly poison.
Answer: Aviation. One drop will kill.

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The Chicago World's Fair

The Century of Progress Exposition of 1933 was held in Chicago. Chicago has been preparing for this exposition for several years, forty-four states and seventeen countries having exhibits there. Chicago invested $25,000,000 in the fair and it has attracted more than 25,000,000 people.

First of all, the fair was opened by the star Arcturus, which is forty-one light years away. The rays which started the fair left Arcturus forty-one years ago, at the time of the last Chicago World's Fair in 1892. These rays were caught by a giant telescope at the Harvard Observatory in Cambridge which flashed them on a photo-electric eye and turned them into electrical impulses. These were sent to Chicago and automatically turned on all the lights on the fair ground, which contains over four square miles of dazzling exhibits.

One of the most interesting things at the World's Fair is the Hall of Science, where you may find out how drops of water happen to be round; how molecules arrange themselves into crystals; how sound waves are produced and transmitted through the air; how scientists plan to harness the atom for its energy; how cosmic rays could change the industrial world, and many other things that are explained in an easily understood manner.

The Golden Pavilion of Jehol was reproduced exactly as it stands not far from Peking, its graceful double-roof covered with copper shingles and filmed over with gold leaf. The 28,000 wood and bronze pieces required to make this temple were all carved in China and then transported to Chicago for the Century of Progress Exposition.

The travel and transport building is a marvel of modern engineering, with its dome suspended from cables so that it rises and lowers as the air inside expands and contracts. Inside you may see side by side, the oldest railroad locomotives and the latest. Bell-funneled, wood-burning locomotives nestle under the wing of giant, hundred-mile-an-hour engines.

In the Electrical Building there are astounding electrical exhibits; glowing tubes that open doors, electric-eyes that count passing people, wireless telephones, and other marvelous exhibits. People sit in the curved amphitheatre and see hundreds of miracles worked by electricity. All around are glowing neon tubes and glistening creators of power.

Inside the Adler Planetarium the light is dim. Its dome-like ceiling looks like a clear summer sky at night with all the stars. Around the walls are charts of the sky. One of the most interesting things is the map of Mars, showing the principal canals and land marks. At night visitors look through a giant telescope and get a "close-up" of the Moon and Planets.

The Enchanted Island is a children's Paradise with its tiny railroad, magic shows, puppet shows, clowns and scores of other things that children enjoy.

In the Industrial Buildings are automobiles, tires, clothes, hosiery, and other products made right before your eyes.

On the Sky Ride one rides an elevator up a 600-foot tower from the top of which can be seen all Chicago laid out at one's feet, and in the country beyond, the farm-lands of three states—Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. From a lower platform on this same tower one gets into the very latest of all conveyances—a rocket ship! This is a ship propelled by rocket explosions, traveling on a cable 200 feet above the roofs of the Exposition Buildings.

Besides the exhibits previously mentioned there are many others, including "The Transparent Man" from the German Hygiene Museum, many historical buildings, the Hall of States, the Administration Building, the Agricultural Building, the Zoo, the Aquarium, the Museum, the Art Institute, Admiral Byrd's Polar Ship, the Radio Building, the Communications Building, tropical palms, alligator farms, models of famous cities and resorts from all over the world.

The next World's Fair is to be held in Paris, in 1937. Already the city is preparing for it. French engineers are planning a tower for this Fair. It will be the highest structure ever built by man, 2,334 feet high, as they plan it now; however, their plans might change. It will be called "The Lighthouse of the World".

Douglas MacDonald '37

The New Deal

President Roosevelt is putting on a new deal—the N. R. A. Its main object is to put the unemployed back to work. For each industry the President has a code or a group of laws which governs that industry, sets standard wages, and stops overproduction, one of the main reasons why this country is in a depression. In any industry no person may work more than forty hours a week; the minimum wage is twelve dollars a week.

A drive for N. R. A. members and consumers has been going on for the past few months with great success. Some towns have already signed the blanket code, showing that their merchants are one hundred per cent. N. R. A.

General Hugh Johnson was appointed chairman of the N. .R. A. committee by President Roosevelt. He should receive the help of the people, because the N. R. A. is a plan which will help this country. *Robert Pirie '37*

A Trip To Candy Land

Once I thought I'd take a trip;
To candy land would be a pip.
I ran and got my airplane toy,
And off I started full of joy.

Laugh! I thought that I should die;
For then I saw the gumdrop pie!
"Five cents" read the sign ——
And then that gumdrop pie was mine.

The chocolates were the cobble stones,
The lemon drops the telephones.
But most of all I got a kick
Out of the lamp-post peppermint stick.

Alice Magee '37

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A Real Thanksgiving

A brisk north wind swept across the ice-land region. It was middle afternoon and the dull light was beginning to fade along the frozen northern wastes. Two human figures plodded slowly and painfully after a slow-moving dog sled. Their faces were frost-bitten, and their breaths came short. The three dogs, all that were left of a full team, slipped and fell on account of the buffeting winds, as if they were fighting for life.

Hard-frozen snow whipped across their faces. "It's going to be a cold season, kid," said the older man. "It'll be the last, too. If we don't sight some settlement outpost soon, they will die. Those dogs haven't had meat for two days running."

"I'd like to eat one more square meal before I go," grunted his companion. "Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, too."

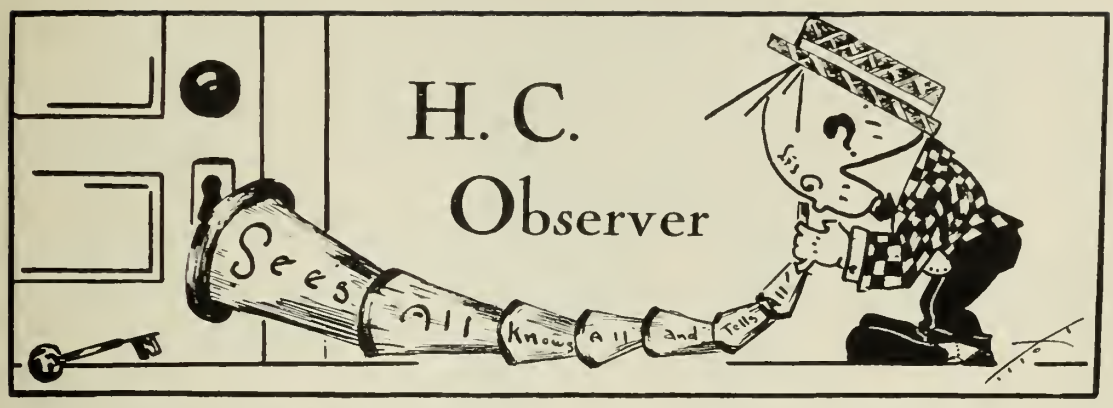
Nothing was heard except the low moaning of the wind and the swish, swish of the men's furry parkas, as they swung their arms to keep the blood in circulation. It was horribly cold, but they always kept on.

Twenty-four hours had elapsed, and the sun was again sinking. The wind still moaned. Only one man and two dogs moved across the top of the frozen world. The younger man lay on the sled, unconscious with a fever.

"Can't be more than a mile now. I can get a doctor for him." He slipped, and crawled up a slight rise. He thought he would never come through, but he got to the top, and saw before him a few snow-covered buildings. With a cry he ran and fell unconscious by the doorway of the nearest house. The men who picked him up wondered at his delirious mutterings.

"Thank God, I made it, and a real Thanksgiving!" *A. A. Galen '37*

WEYMOUTH THEATRE
"Where Friends Meet"



The faculty adviser, Mr. Brown,
While at the Milton supper sitting down,
Asked if he would be able
To crawl underneath the table,
And if E. M. would arise from sitting down.
She looked at him with a surprised expression;
The cause of his departure she then questioned.
This reason was evoked:
He wished to have a smoke,
And to gain the smoking-room was his intention.
Departing in this fashion might seem wrong,
But one saw, by speculating at the throng,
Two ladies who were talking
Most carelessly were blocking
The passageway through which he should have gone.

B. seems to enjoy kissing parts in plays if *he* takes part in the scene.

Four freshmen girls and a sophomore make so much noise—for little girls—on a bus that others can't hear themselves think. Can't they stop talking about notes and boys?

H. H. is our Sophisticated Lady.

P. escorts a certain girl to her home-room, but this girl seems to have a crush on—"It's hot in here. Do you want me to open the window?"

E. M. never stops dreaming about a certain young man at college who is a graduate of W. H. S.

H. H. must be taking lessons from Walter Winchell. Just ask her anything!

W. M. worries so much when his girl is sick that he can't do his school work. Poor little boy!

A. D. walks home with E. M. every night. E. must be less shy now.

C. E. seems to be back for a P. G. course just to escort a certain red-headed girl to her home-room each morning.

E. sits nearer to F. each night on a bus. Look out, E., you'll lose him out the window.

R. M. wears the key to someone's heart.

P. D. seems to find so much pleasure in being fickle and in taking the other girls' men away. (Sour grapes?)

Freshmen shouldn't be so afraid of a teacher they have for study periods. He's really not so gruff as his voice implies.

"It's all in the way you hold your mouth—in more things than one," said a teacher. How does he know?

Nice-looking book agents shouldn't be sent to the school. These women teachers a——well, ...

P. S. seems to have a bad heart attack. Will someone please send for a doctor? (Now will he be more careful whom he confides in!)

We Five '34

A Song Letter

"Sophisticated Lady":

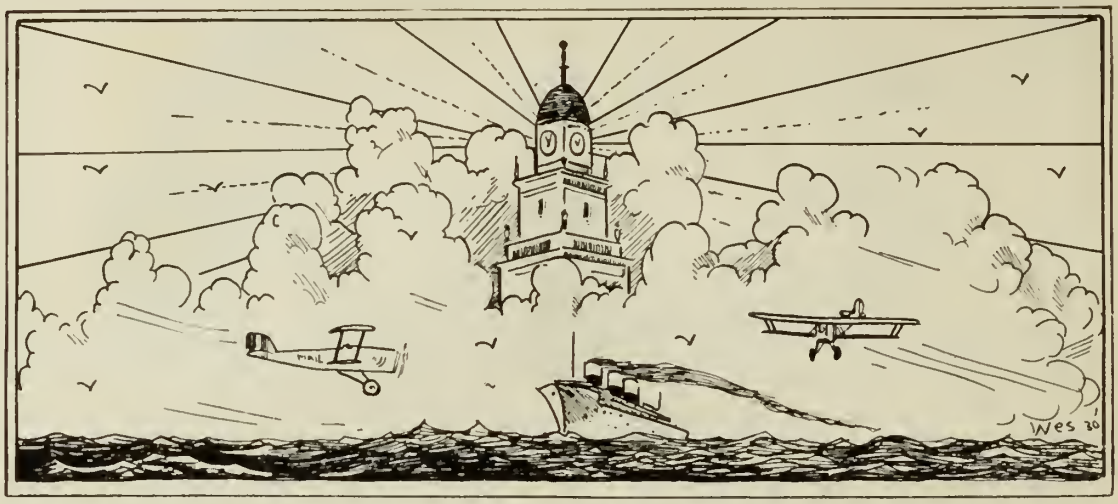
"Thanks", for "The Day You Came Along". I'm an old "Lazybones", who is just "Buckin' the Wind" but "I'll be Faithful".

You know I've a "Cabin in the Pines", "In the Valley of the Moon" and it's "By a Waterfall", "Sophisticated Lady". "It's Not a Secret Any More", "I Love You Truly".

"Remember" "Shanghai Lil", "The Torch Singer"? "She Done Me Wrong" and "It's the Talk of the Town". I've come back to my "Louisville Lady". Either "Give Me Liberty or Love" or I'll be heading for "The Last Roundup".

"Forever Yours"
"Barnacle Bill the Sailor"

Virginia Burkett '34



Weymouth, Mass.,
October 21, 1933.

Dear Spic:

Since I saw you on Labor Day a great deal has happened; so I just had to write and tell you all the news.

First of all school opened with a bang. After arriving in our home-rooms, we found, to our surprise, our seats assigned to us and our books all passed out. But, worst of all, classes began on the dot—the third period. We certainly began to work in earnest this year.

You remember the Student Council, don't you? Well, it was formed again this year under the supervision of Mr. Whittle.

The Junior Class held their first class meeting on Friday, October 13 in room 114. As usual, Mr. O'Donnell presided, and a committee was chosen to nominate various students for office.

On last Wednesday, the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications held the first meeting of the year at Milton High School. There were fifteen who went from Weymouth. The *Reflector* received honorable mention for the '32-'33 issues! Believe you me, we are all going to try to have our magazine take first place this year. Here's hoping no one resorts to plagiarism and spoils our good intentions.

Of course we observed October 12 in Weymouth by having no school, because Columbus discovered America. Then, too, we have had three fire-drills to take up our time. I was in history class during one of these, and you can well imagine how reluctant (?) the class was to leave that interesting subject.

This year Mr. Monroe has formed two Glee Clubs, one for the girls, the other for the boys. The latter already has two outside engagements for the near future.

At last the seniors held a class meeting in the hall. Our president, William Donovan, took charge. The class elected a class marshal—guess whom? Reino Laine. Also Rita Murphy was called upon to continue her task of being chairman of the ring committee for the benefit of those who are going to buy rings this year. Then, too, our treasurer made a plea for money. Class dues are coming in very slowly.

Next week is "exam" week; so I suppose Monday will be one of those cheerless, shivery days. We shall all need the best of luck I know.

Lots of love,

Span

(*Eleanor Madigan '34*)

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FOOTBALL

WEYMOUTH VS BELMONT

Weymouth High School opened their football season by playing Belmont at Belmont. The players were in great shape. The coaches were confident that their team would win. A complete new system was used to get the players organized.

Weymouth opened the first quarter by kicking off to Belmont. The Weymouth team, led by Cavallo, played a wonderful defensive game. Belmont gained constantly but they were always stopped when they came within scoring distance.

In the second quarter Weymouth, gaining confidence tried two passes and completed one. The ball was between Weymouth's and Belmont's thirty-yard line most of the quarter.

One of the Weymouth boys recovered a Belmont fumble on Belmont's twenty-yard line. Weymouth, scenting a score, tried a flat pass, which was intercepted by a Belmont back, who ran eighty yards for a touchdown. The attempt for the point failed. Weymouth received the kick-off and gained rapidly, but the third quarter ended, stopping their drive.

Belmont played safe football, after holding the driving Weymouth team in the third quarter. The game ended, Belmont having scored one touchdown and Weymouth none. However, Weymouth gained a moral victory by holding the heavy Belmont team to one touchdown.

WEYMOUTH AND WHITMAN

The Whitman and Weymouth game was played at Legion Field on October the seventh, at two-thirty in the afternoon.

The first quarter was in Weymouth's favor. The Weymouth team played well, both offensively and defensively. Whitman's coach seemed to be trying, by substituting players, to get a backfield that would work smoothly.

The second quarter showed the Whitman team weakening and losing a little of their spirit, until a Whitman player interrupted a flat pass and ran forty-five yards for a touchdown. The attempt for the point failed.

The third quarter opened with the Weymouth team fighting hard. Whitman completed a series of passes heading for a touchdown. They passed their way to another touchdown, and made the point.

When the fourth quarter opened, the Weymouth boys plowed through Whitman, and scored. The final score, however, was nineteen to six in favor of Whitman.

WEYMOUTH VS MILTON

The Weymouth-Milton game was played at the Legion field at two-thirty in the afternoon.

Milton received to open the first quarter of the game. Weymouth recovered a Milton fumble on Milton's forty-yard line but lost the ball on downs. Milton punted sixty yards out of danger. Zeoli intercepted a Milton pass but the quarter ended without a score.

The second quarter opened, but a Weymouth end touched the man who called for a fair catch, and Weymouth was penalized fifteen yards. Both teams gained, but the ball was punted out of danger at critical periods. There was no score at the close of the second quarter.

Both teams played good defensive football. And both received a fifteen yard penalty in the third quarter, and a few minor penalties.

Weymouth started an offensive drive in the last quarter that carried the ball down to Milton's eight-yard line. The game ended, however, and Weymouth lost her chance to score.

It is the first time in two years that Weymouth has not been scored on or beaten. That game showed what good coaching will do. Our line held, and played hard and clever, defensive football.

John Sullivan '34

North Quincy vs. Weymouth

On October 21, North Quincy brought its football team to Weymouth and took a 13-6 victory back with them. The game was interesting throughout, and even though Weymouth was outweighed, they were not to be outdone. In the last few minutes of the game, North Quincy was unsuccessful in three attempts to get the one foot needed for a touchdown, finally losing the ball on downs. This shows how much the line has improved. *Charles Shaw '34*

Cross Country

Coach Oral Page reports that a large squad has turned out for the Cross Country team this year. Football took some of his 'varsity, but he thinks that he will still have a winning team. Mr. Page has produced many winning track teams, as his record shows, and the school has confidence in his ability.

The most interesting meet of the season will be the one, November 2, which will determine the South Shore Champion.

Freshman and Sophomore Football

Stanley Neptune and Henry Higgins, former Weymouth athletic stars, have taken a group of freshmen and sophomores, and made a light but fast team that held the regular seconds to a two-to-nothing game.

They played the Quincy Sophomores, but were outweighed forty pounds a man in the line, and lost to Quincy. They are to play Quincy again. Coaching always shows itself in a team.

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Dear Flannelmouth:
What is this thing called love? *Dot Heru*
Ans.: The tenth word in a telegram.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Can you tell me a cure for love at first sight? *Marjorie Hayward*
Ans.: Sure—second sight.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why is the letter *G* like the sun? *Ruth Locke*
Ans.: Because it is the centre of light.

Dear Flannelmouth:
What is the most modest piece of furniture? *Edith Mulligan*
Ans.: The clock, because it covers its face with its hands, and runs down its own works.

Dear Flannelmouth:
What small animal is turned into a large one by being beheaded? *Betty Miles*
Ans.: Fox (Ox).

Dear Flannelmouth:
When is a waiter like a racehorse? *Steve Pratt*
Ans.: Because he runs for cups, plates, and st(e)akes.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why is a policeman like a rainbow? *Joe McKinnon*
Ans.: Because he appears when the storm is over.

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why are birds in spring like a banking establishment? *Beryl Gray*
Ans.: Because they issue promissory notes, and rejoice when the branches are flourishing.

Dear Flannelmouth:
How does water get into the watermelon? *Felix Caraccioio*
Ans.: The seeds are planted in the spring.

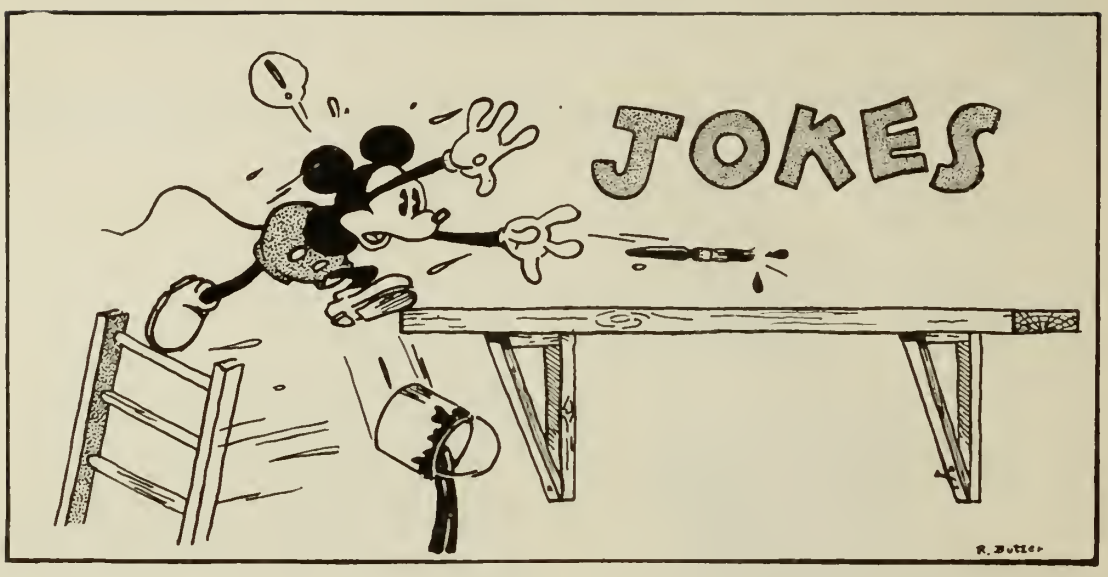
Dear Flannelmouth:
Why is an empty purse always the same? *Enez Melkon*
Ans.: Because you can't see any change in it. (You know—this depression!)

Dear Flannelmouth:
What is the best method to prevent diseases caused by biting insects? *Madeline Larner*
Ans.: Don't bite insects.

Dear Flannelmouth:
What is the difference between a barber and a sculptor? *Virginia Pagington*
Ans.: A barber curls up and dies, and a sculptor makes faces and busts.

Dear Flannelmouth:
How do football players ever get clean after a game? *Rose Leonard*
Ans.: What do you suppose they have scrub teams for?

Dear Flannelmouth:
What is jumping to a conclusion? *Kenneth McLeod*
Ans.: Well, if you jump from a parachute—that's jumping to a conclusion.



"Paw, what's an advertisement?" asked little Hubert.

"An advertisement," explained the father, "is the picture of a pretty girl eating, cooking, chewing, smelling, gargling, rubbing, wearing, or driving something which the advertisers are anxious to sell."

"I'm surprised at a man like you joy-riding on a Sunday," remarked the busybody in the hotel coffee-room.

"Joy-riding!" retorted the motorist, "I'll have you understand, sir, that I am on a motor tour with my wife."

Salesman: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have here the famous flexible comb that will stand any kind of treatment. You can bend it double, you can hit it with a hammer, you can twist it, you can ——"

Interested Listener: "Say, mister, can you comb your hair with it?"

Harry: "But, dear, don't you want to marry an economical man?"

Doris: "I suppose so, but it's perfectly terrible being engaged to one."

Proud Parent: "Don't you think it's about time the baby learned to say 'Daddy'?"

Mother: "Oh, no, I hadn't intended telling him who you are until he becomes a little stronger."

I'm returning the dress suit you loaned me, old man, and thanks. It didn't fit very well; so I had my tailor make a few alterations.

Have you heard of the girl who was so dumb that she thought a stoic was a bird, and a cynic was a place to wash dishes?

Father (to little Willie, who is eating an apple): "Look out for the worms, son."

Willie: "When I eat apples, the worms will have to look out for themselves."

Jim: "A woman can always hold her own in a battle of tongues."

Tim: "Yes, but she never does."

Still Carrying On

Years have past and gone
Since that November morn,
When on this bleak and barren shore,
Gathered the great chiefs of Indian lore.
They were here to feast and merry be
With the white men from o'er the sea.

This small colony had paid dear
For staying in this country, so cold and drear.
Many friends and relatives in the churchyard lay;
Many more than gathered there to pray,
To give thanks to their Deliverer
For sparing them to carry on.

"To keep carrying on", they say,"
Is the very idea of the N. R. A.

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